

Hampshire College; Volume 17; Number 5, November 9, 2001.

THE OMEN

DID THIS FOR ME



*imagine what it
could do for you!*



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Do not necessarily (7)

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to submit

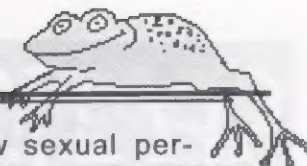
Submissions are due Fridays before noon. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

DUDE, WHY THE NASTAY TUDE?

ATTRIBUTED TO JESSIE SWENSON, IN A LETTER TO THE OMEN

FROM THE EDITOR



And with my last Hampshire Halloween down the drain, I look back at it from a week later and can only reflect on what remains to be one of this week's most visceral and heart-throbbing experiences. At an event such as this one, you see all that Hampshire has to offer: mentally tripping students in denial, drunken reminiscing alumni who may end up becoming the head of public safety, coping professors who can't seem to get a handle on the way it's done today, five college students who find 2AM Saga food warm and refreshing, and million dollar bi-hetero-homo transsexual transvestites who like dressing up in such a way that no one can tell who or what they are.

"Monsters, Inc."

The week following this incident make me begin to study the gender bending powers that Hampshire College has. I know that this segue doesn't make much sense, but for some reason, seeing the mysterious arcane energies that were able to transform semi-normal students into freaks and whores for a night began to make me think.

Ever since my first year here at Hampshire, I've recognized the fact that due to our lack of activities which strengthen gender stereotypes, men and women here move away from the roles that society has placed on them and become more like each other everyday. In other words, men become more like women, and women become more like men. Now I'm not saying this is a good thing or a bad thing, just an interesting phenomena that I've grown more and more intune to here at Hampshire. In essence, I get the feeling that Hampshire loses its sexuality due to the fact that each student loses their sexual identity. This, however, gives students who have

half a mind to create a new sexual persona the chance to do so. It empowers the individual to make a statement about themselves and who they want to be.

For those of us with less desire though, it makes living here a genderless void where we can't even rely on the stereotypes of our given sex to get us through the day. For example, I can't say, "Hey guys - let's go out and watch the football game. And afterwards, go to a strip club and drink lots of beer. We may even get the chance to moon John's parents house!" I mean, I could do this, but it wouldn't work quite as well as it would at UMASS or Amherst.

Another interesting aspect of this phenomenon: with the loss of gender, character becomes all the more important to daily social interactions. Relationships aren't formed based on age old stereotypes anymore. You actually look at others for more than their genitalia. It becomes important to get to know somebody, because, in all honesty, who knows what may be down there? There may be a penis, a vagina, or a biomolecular implant that can simulate both (or neither).

With that said, I want to make another random segue, and point you in the direction of "www.robotbastard.com." You remember that guy from MST3K? Well, he's back, and this time, he's made a 17 minute internet movie that's brilliant. Download it. Pass it on to your friends. And as you watch, remember what the Italian man said when someone shot his wife.

"Mama Mia - you shot-ah my wife!"
Don't worry. It'll be funny in like 3 or 4 hours from now.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

WILLIAM CLARK:

AMERICAN HERO AND EXCEPTIONALLY POOR SPELLER

Captain William Clark, perhaps the somewhat shadowed figure of the fanciful Lewis and Clark expedition, was nonetheless an All American Hero—courageous, resourceful, ugly, and a horrible speller. No no, “horrible” is too strong a word. Something more like “ignorant” would be in order. Yes—an ignorant speller.

“Ignorant speller,” you ask? “What the hell is that?” How lovely of you to inquire; it just happens to be the subject of this article.

William Clark wasn't a purebred Virginian, as was the well-educated Meriwether Lewis, but instead a frontiersman hailing from Kentucky. In fact, much of his life was spent enlisted in the American excuse for an army, staving off Indians (Native Americans...whatever is p.c. chic at this time) from frontier forts. Thus Clark never received much in the way of a formal education. Don't get me wrong, he was the son of a wealthy man who *schmoozed* with other wealthy men, and any good Jew will tell you that *schmoozing* is a great way to listen to people talk.... and talk and talk and talk. (Note: neither Clark nor his father were Jewish, this is simply a comparison done to make a [poor] point.)

Basically, where Clark's institutionalized education fell short, *schmoozing* with wealthy geniuses tended to fill the gaps. Granted this wasn't an all-inclusive learning experience (what is?), but he did come away with a more rounded knowledge of subjects like geog-

raphy and natural history.

If there were a weak-point to be found in *schmoozing*, it would be that *schmoozing* is all talk. No one in their right mind is going to eat cucumber sandwiches and fish tarts while simultaneously spelling out all the incredibly pertinent information being tossed about. (Please know, when I say “incredibly pertinent”, I really mean “oi, this *shlemiel* doesn't know *khutzpah*.”) At any rate, Clark may have sounded well enough while *schmoozing*, but lets just say that crosswords would have been excessively difficult for him—the way it's difficult for a lactose intolerant vegan to swallow an entire cow.

For example, who can forget the immortal words of said William Clark on November 7, 1805, the day the Pacific Ocean finally came into view—

“*Ocian* in view! O! the joy.”

This description comes straight from Clark's journal—and what an immaculate, awe-inspiring, horrendously poetic description it is! Sadly, things did not remain thusly jovial for long. When Lewis enlisted some of the men to set up a salt camp near the ocean, Clark firmly rebuked them by writing in his journal—

“[salt] is not *helthy*.”

Bickering amongst the duo was echoed by the really, really shitty weather, which threatened the intrepid crew for a full 3 weeks afterwards. On November 22, Clark grumbled another mind-numbing *plotz* of unforgettable words:

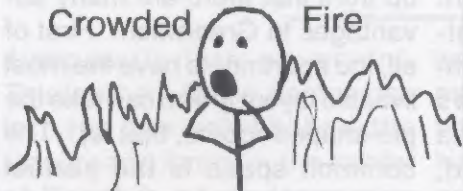
“How *horriable* the day!”

Happily, Clark's mood was

BY AARON BUCHSBAUM, COLUMNIST

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



GWYNNE, LOSE... OR DRAW!

BY GWYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

Here at Hampshire, we have a history of problems with the development of community. We can blame it on a lot of things – “the independent nature of our students,” for one – but it’s clearly more complicated than that. How many “independent students,” for example, flock to Midnight Breakfast in Dakin, or a well-publicized jazz concert, or any student film with naked people in it? The trick, obviously, is to know *what* gets people together (In theory: teach-ins. In Actuality: porn.), and to then apply that knowledge to the mythical Campus Center of the future.

But living in Greenwich has made me aware of another factor entirely: the distribution of living space. I discovered the mystery of why Greenwich – which is closer to campus center than any other living space – is considered “isolated,” while Prescott – arguably the most cramped, noisy, impractical living quarters – is the first to be snatched up in the mod lotteries. And why is Enfield the Hippie Mods?

Patience, Watson. All will be explained.

Let’s step back in time for a

moment to Hampshire’s baby book, The Making of a College. Right after “first steps,” “first words,” and “first financial contribution,” there is a section on “campus layout.” The idea of the Hampshire campus was designed around maximum interaction, hopefully

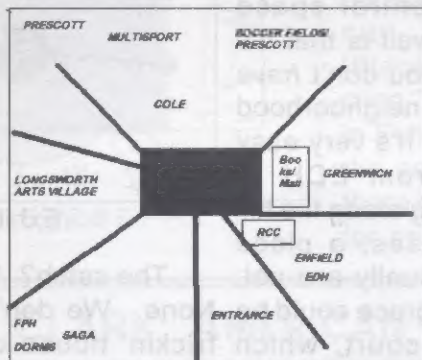


Exhibit A

the academic buildings and living spaces surrounding this central space in a sprawling Circle of Love.

As you can see in Exhibit A, “The Central Campus Spider,” a simple path from the quad will lead you anywhere on this lovely campus. And although plans have been changed and buildings have been rearranged, this key concept is still in effect. Where do you usually run into people you “never see anymore?” Ten to one it’s the quad, the mail room, the

library, the RCC, the Bridge Café, or one of these several central spots which are unavoidable over the course of student life.

Unfortunately, this concept didn’t boil over into the Hampshire living spaces. As those of you up on your Hamp History know, the school was originally intended to have *no dorms* – only single apartments. The concept, according to Beacon of Ancient Knowledge Lynn Miller, was too radical for the architects of the late 60s, who didn’t understand how to adapt an apartment complex to function as a mail room, college dorm. (Hence Dakin and Merrill.) Now, say what you will about the dorms, but they offer automatic community-building, simply because you live *so damn close* to everybody else. Furthermore, the dorms have the key ingredient: a central gathering space (in front of Dakin, Merrill, and Saga) where students must walk if they are to leave their rooms.

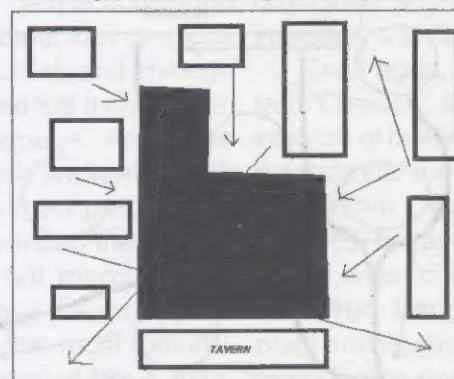


Exhibit B

Now, when some architect in Berkeley finally caught on to this apartments-as-dorms idea, we asked him to make us the exact same model he used in California, and Prescott was born. The stereo-

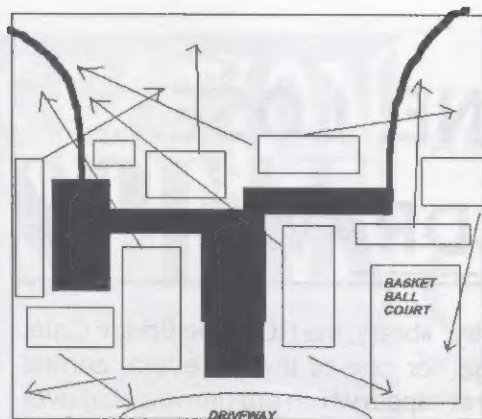


Exhibit C

-typical Prescott kid continues to thrive in Prescott, not least of all because of its proximity to film, photo, computer design, music, dance, and art resources.

Still – why are all the good parties still in P'cott? Take a look at Exhibit B, "Why Prescott Gots Da Funk." The black space represents a Central Gathering Area, as seen in the central campus layout. This space is arranged so that, when a student is walking from a mod to another area on campus (see arrows), they are likely to walk through the center, inevitably crossing paths with fellow students. The more intersection in a living space, the more it will feel like a community. Another helpful factor is The Tavern, located on the central space. This gives people a central destination – a reason to stay, rather than go elsewhere. If there are no parties, there's the tavern. Prescott is designed not to disappoint.

Which brings us to Exhibit

C: "Enfield." Enfield, while offering the most spacious living, does not quite match Prescott in its attempts at a coherent community. But it comes close. The central area here is oddly arranged, but saved by the presence of stoops. To hang out in Enfield is to inhabit either your front yard or your stoop, which face other front yards and stoops, which means that you can have contact with other people simply by sitting in your own yard. The biggest reason that the central space doesn't gel too well is that it's easily avoided; you don't have to go through the neighborhood to go anywhere. It's very easy to "shortcut" from EDH to Enfield by walking along the hill behind the houses, a place where people usually are not. Enfield's saving grace could be the basketball court, which serves the same purpose as the Prescott tavern: it's an attraction by and for the community.

And why are Enfield the Hipie Mods? It could be because the whole idea of an Enfield Community is based on to never see your neighbors. I sit outside. It could be because their kitchens rock, making organic food prep all the

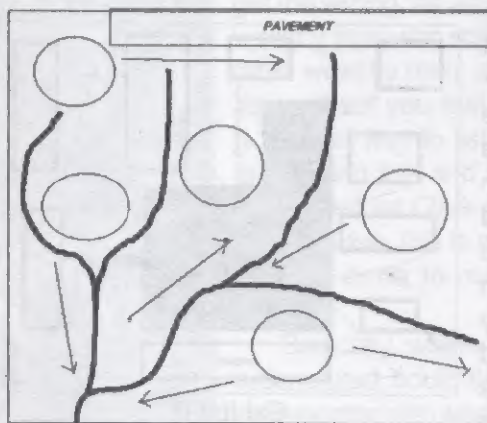


Exhibit D

easier. Or, it could be for no damn reason whatsoever. Because it has "field" in the name. And then there's Greenwich.

Ah, Greenwich. Home-sweet-home Greenwich. I'd like to say up front that there are many advantages to Greenwich. First of all, the apartments have the most liveable layout (if you can take the pie-shaped rooms, that is). The common space is the perfect size, large enough for furniture and more cozy than cramped. To me, they feel the least like dorms. And they're very peaceful, quiet and full of trees.

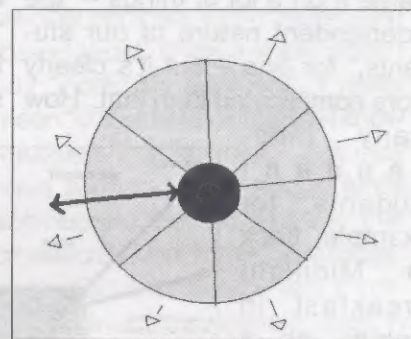


Exhibit E

The catch? No community. None. We don't even have a frickin' house office. Much-loved professor David Kerr, a Donut 1 resident, tries harder than anybody to remedy this situation, and it still gives him a run for his money. Check out Exhibit D, "Greenwich from a Helicopter." As you can see, there is *no central gathering space whatsoever*. It is entirely possible (check out the arrows) to *never see your neighbors*. I live in Donut 4. I never have occasion to even walk past Donut 2. The only thing that could bring us to an intersection would be walking down a path together, heading for the library or EDH. That's not really an intersection; it's more of an alignment.

And where's our Tavern? Where's our B-Ball Court? No, no – Greenwich has pavement. A big block of parking lot/

GWYNNE, LOSE... OR DRAW!

continuations

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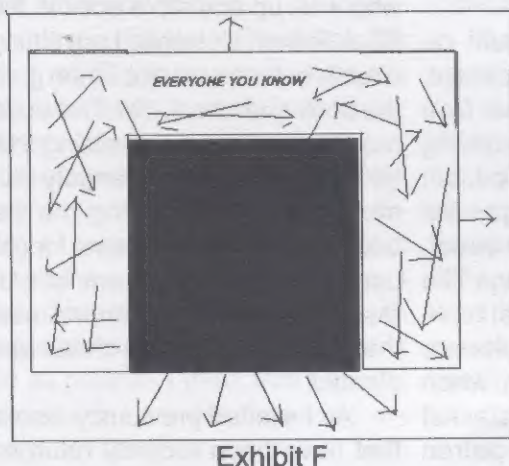
dumpster/u-turn pavement. This is where David Kerr comes in. He has established the Goodread Library in the center of Donut 1, where Hampsters can read a book, chill out, do

work, listen to music, and generally relax in a libraryish setting. Unfortunately, Donut 1 is kind of a hike for half the mods, and it's definitely not central to Greenwich. The original plan

for Greenwich was to follow the Goodread Library and Centrum Gallery's examples, establishing community space in the center of the donut. It never happened, unless "Community Space" means "Place to put your recycling." As you can see in Exhibit E, "No love in the center of a donut," there is no good reason for anybody to use the

center of the donut – a potentially good intersection point – at all. Also, it is very easy to live next door to someone with whom you will never make eye contact (note the way in which the porches face out, away from one another). Compare to Exhibit F, "Life in Dakin," and you'll see the change from social dorm-dweller to isolated modmate.

Don't get me wrong now – I love my mod. But this is a campus issue that affects all others, and there needs to be some serious spacial re-shuffling before Hampshire can become the community it strives to be.



WILLIAM CLARK: AMERICAN HERO

continuations

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

soon to improve when the Corps of Discovery met up with a small group of Chinookan, an Indian tribe living near the Columbia River. Among them was a chief with (we can only assume) one hell of a bodacious otter-skin robe. Our hero goes so far as to describe it as-

"more butifull than any fur I had ever Seen."

By capitalizing the word "Seen", Clark illustrates the uncompromising tenacity with which he looked at the robe. (God, I can almost feel the intensity almost 200 years later- and it burns.) But the fate of Clark's mood was riddled with even more near-satanic trials, when on November 27, intense gusts of wind pounded the explorers and uprooted nearby trees. Clark lamented his innermost disappointments—

"O how Tremendious the day."

But all these occurrences were *gomisht* compared to the events of November 15, when Private Willard and Private Shannon spent the night with 5 Chinooks. In the morning, they inexplicably found themselves without their precious rifles (boom-sticks), and immediately threatened the Indians with crude sign language. As if by an act of God, Lewis showed up with a few other armed party members, who convinced the Indians to return the hot merchandise. Clark later joined the group, and upon hearing this most tumultuous account, ranted like a madman at the Chinookan thieves. He recounts the exact lecture in his journal-

"if any one of their nation Stold anything from us, I would have him Shot, which they understoot very

well."

The enraged Clark refused to leave his pronouncement in such vague terms. He elaborated thusly-

"and if any of their womin or bad boys took any thing to return it imediately and Chastise them for it."

Once again, notice the capitalized "Chastise", showing Clark's full intention of beating the treacherous bastards into complete submission.

William Clark: a man of action, yes- but also a man of many words, most of them misspelled. However, I implore you not to point and laugh, if only out of respect for the deceased. After all, the service Capt. William Clark rendered for the blossoming United States of 1804-1806 is relevant even today- just ask any state west of the Missouri River.





Section ZOLE



THE PHANTOM ZOLEBOOTH

At the beginning of this semester I managed to obtain myself a nice, cushy job as a Circulation Assistant at the Johnson Library (note to Hampshire students: that is the name of the Hampshire library). To some this may seem like the dream job – the hours are good, there's plenty of parking, and you don't have to stand for the length of your shift – and you know what? It's not bad. Unless you hate books.

Let me run down the typical duties of a Circulation Assistant. First of all, for the duration of your shift, you have to be somewhere in or near the library building. When it's busy, there is some pressure for the on-duty Assistants to actually do some assisting. This generally takes the form of fetching the reserve copies of course packets for students who have better things to buy (drugs, accordions) than cheaply bound photocopies from the *Utne Reader*. There is also some checking in and out of books, which involves using a handy la-

ser that reads barcodes into the library computer system and can be used in a pinch to blind patrons when they have lots of overdue books.

As perks go, you could do better than Circulation Assistant. Being an intern gets you free room, and working the dining commons gets you free food, but it turns out library privileges are free no matter what. However, you do get to do fun things like leaf through the books that have been returned (these books are far more interesting than when they are just sitting on the stacks) and check out peoples' patron records. Truth be told, the records don't have anything interesting, but you've got to take what you can get.

The lack of perks is more than made up for by the mild surrealism that accompanies every shift. Several times, people have walked up to me and asked if the library has any books on a given topic. I guess it's a reasonable question,

but I'd like to meet the librarian who has the mental acuity to hold the library's entire catalog in his/her head. Then you have the people who walk up and slip a book in the Book Return slot while I am sitting directly behind said slot. I then grab the book and check it in. The dude moves on, often not realizing that he has performed a strangely ritualistic version of handing me the book. I guess people are no longer used to the warm charm of old-fashioned human librarians now that robot librarians are cheap and plentiful.

As I alluded previously, books that have been recently returned are inherently more interesting than the stuff you find on the second and third floors of the library. This might be a natural selection sort of thing: when other students return or request good books, they end up behind the Circulation desk so I get the best of the library, in theory. In practice most of the books are about gender and have clever names like *Pomosexual*. But occasionally you run across a tome like *Rap*, a large-print 40-page treatise on the selfsame style of music, featuring 20,000 pictures of Run-DMC, a short glossary of rap slang (for example, "wack", meaning bad), and a chapter entitled "Other Rappers", to assure you that Run-DMC are not the only ones. I encourage you to check it out.

Anyway, that's what it's like to work in Circulation. Feel free to stop by and visit me sometime – if not to keep me company, then at least to check out some of our fine books.



just another day at the Circulation Desk

CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

BY CATHARINE BELL WETTEROTH, CONTRIBUTOR

Being at Hampshire over the past two years has made me more racist than I was before. Now that I have your attention, let me explain what I mean by that. It may not be what you think.

I'm a Quaker. The basic tenet of Quakerism is that all people have "that of God" inside them. What this means is that all people are fundamentally and inherently equal. They are all worthy of respect, based on the fact that they are human beings. I have tried, throughout my life, to accord this basic level of respect to all people. I think that I mostly succeed. I am not, however, arrogant enough to claim that I am perfect.

I also try to treat all people as individuals. No two people in this world are alike. Each is a unique and separate entity. I try as much as possible to look at people as individuals, rather than as members of groups. I do not believe in statements about "all women," "all white people," "all straight people," etc. The only thing you can accurately say about all women is that they are women,

and why would you bother saying that? It's an empty sentence. These are the fundamental premises of my thoughts on people: everyone is equal, respect everyone, and treat everyone as an individual.

Now let me say what I mean by racism. Racism is the belief that there are these large groups of people, called races, that are fundamentally different from each other. It is also often the belief that one of these races is essentially superior to the others, or at least that they can be arranged in a hierarchy of inherent worth, intelligence, or some other positive feature. However, the belief in racial superiority is a subset of the belief in essential racial differences; you could conceivably believe in racial difference without believing any race to be superior, but you cannot believe one race is superior unless you already subscribe to the theory of racial difference.

Thus, racism manifests itself in many ways. All of them share certain features. One of these features is treating people primarily as members of a racial group.

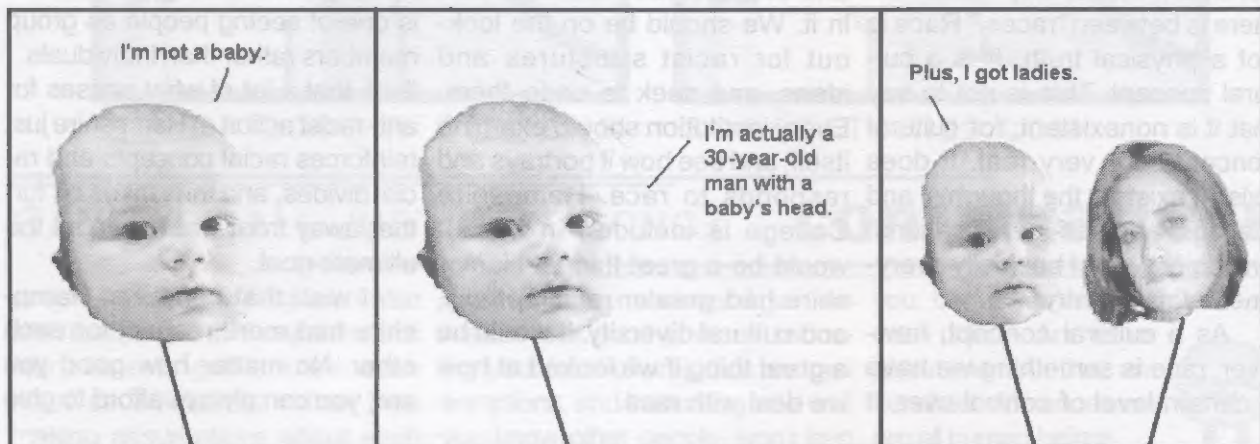
Whenever you say, "all white people are..." you are being racist. Whenever you hire someone because they are Asian, you are being racist. Whenever you assume the black man passing you on the street is a thief, you are being racist. Whenever you ask someone to tell you what their whole race thinks, you are being racist. Whenever you treat someone as a racial being, rather than an individual, you are being racist.

There is a tendency at Hampshire to treat people as members of a group. Someone will say "the administration thinks of students as children." Someone will say "all the activists are stupid hippies." Someone will say "the *Omen* writers are evil." These are not racist statements, or sexist ones, or homophobic ones, but they are all statements which deprive people of individuality and consign them to a status as a faceless member of a group. This is the same attitude that leads to many of the evils in the world. This is the attitude that leads to slavery, and terrorist bombings, and then the anti-Arab sentiments that follow

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

L'il John Explains Himself

by Gabriel McKee



CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG? **continuations**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

an action committed by Arab terrorists. Yes, I do run together a lot of examples in that sentence. But they all spring from the same source: seeing people as group members. This leads to seeing people as Them, and then seeing people as inferior, and then seeing people as no longer human. Thus can arise slavery. Seeing people as group members leads to a loss of individual responsibility: what one Arab has done can be blamed on all Arabs. None of this is possible without the strong group identifications. Arabs cannot be blamed if the class "Arab" is not thought of. People cannot be racist without the idea of race.

This is where the argument over whether or not race exists comes in. The main problem with this argument is that people argue it on different levels, and so confuse each other. A scientist might say "race does not exist as a biological category" and then someone else says "then why am I mistreated because of my race?" There must be a clear distinction made between essential existence and social existence. There is no essential existence to race. There is as much genetic variation within any "race" as there is between "races." Race is not a physical truth. It is a cultural concept. This is not to say that it is nonexistent, for cultural concepts are very real. It does exist; it exists in the thoughts, and feelings, and self-identifications, and daily lives of basically everyone in this country.

As a cultural concept, however, race is something we have a certain level of control over. It

exists now; it does not have to exist always. As I see it, if you wipe out "racism" as the idea that white people are superior, but leave the idea that there exist separate races, you have left the ability for new concepts of racial superiority to arise at any time. Only by forgetting the concept of race can we ever hope to have a world with no concept of racial superiority. Erasing ideas of racial superiority is only the first step; erasing ideas of race is the final step.

We are currently very far away from this final step. I don't expect it to happen in my lifetime; in fact, that is impossible. Since I have once known the concept of race, I will never fully unknow it. Only over a long time, and with many steps, can we totally forget the idea of race. And we are not even only racist in the fairly harmless sense of thinking in racial terms. This society is indeed much easier to live in if you are white. The hierarchal concept of race is common among us.

The idea of race is ingrained in us as individuals, and ingrained in our society. We all need to take a good, hard look at our culture, and economy, and government, and see how race is intertwined in it. We should be on the lookout for racist structures and ideas, and seek to undo them. Every institution should examine itself, and see how it portrays and responds to race. Hampshire College is included in this. It would be a great thing if Hampshire had greater racial, ethnic, and cultural diversity. It would be a great thing if we looked at how we deal with race.

However, in our individual interactions, we should respond to each other as people, rather than racially. We should interact as individuals. This, however, does not happen as often as it should at Hampshire. Hampshire is full of identity politics. They have been especially rampant over the past two years. A lot of things here recently have become issues of the portrayal of Women, or Women of Color, or some other Group with a capital letter. People have been very inclined to treat each other as group members, and to assume that they are being treated as group members by others. People have also often been very uncivil, quick to judge, and aggressive. The atmosphere here is often very negative.

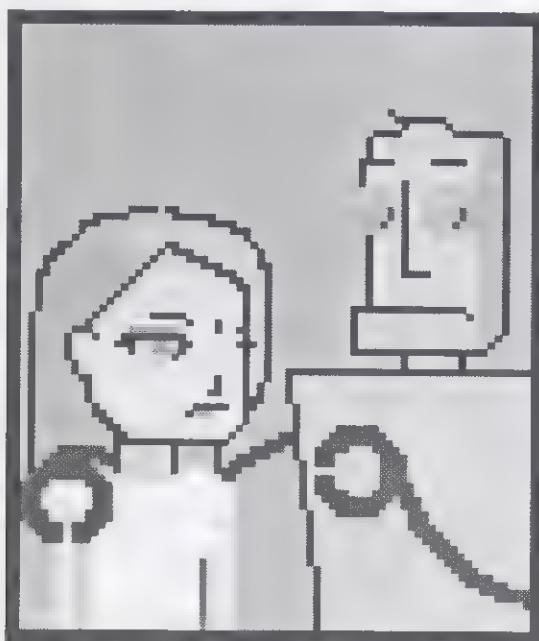
The constant bombardment of group-think at Hampshire, stronger than any I have ever experienced in my life, has led me to become much more conscious of people's group affiliations. I now notice someone's race more often, and more strongly, than I used to before. I make assumptions about someone's views based on their perceived race. I do not like thinking like this. I am trying very hard not to. But it's constantly reinforced by the general attitude here, which is one of seeing people as group members rather than individuals. I think that a lot of what passes for anti-racist action at Hampshire just reinforces racial concepts and racial divides, and thus takes us further away from what I see as the ultimate goal.

I wish that people at Hampshire had more respect for each other. No matter how good you are, you can always afford to give

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DIESEL SWEETIES #2

BY RICHARD STEVENS, CONTRIBUTOR (WWW.DIESELSWEETIES.COM)



BY RICHARD STEVENS - ROADSTORIES.COM

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

continuations

people more basic respect. I also wish that people at Hampshire took more time to get to know each other as individuals, rather than making assumptions about each

other as group members. Again, no matter how good you are, reducing your level of prejudice and assumptions, and increasing how well you know other people, won't hurt

you. Let us remember that we are each unique. And let us also remember that, under all our differences, we are all human beings.



9 NOVEMBER, 2001

I'LL USE MY BROADSWORD!!

Dungeons & Dragons offers a wide selection of spells used by adventurers for surviving the perils of underground caverns littered with gelatinous cubes and doakers. Now that the D20 system is open source, I bring you NEW SPELLS for use in your D&D games taking place in "The Valley of the Five Collages" campaign setting. These spells were researched by DIV III students for use at Hampshire college:

Division I spells

Comprehend Divisional Requirements (Alteration) **Reversible**

Range: Touch
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 5 rounds/ level
Casting Time: 2 semesters
Area of effect: Caster
Saving Throw: None

When this spell is cast, the wizard is able to uncover what he or she must do in order to pass the Division he/she is currently in. The spell does not grant the wizard the power to actually pass the division; it only provides the wizard with an understanding of what must actually be done.

At the DM's option, a quest may be provided for the wizard (i.e.: the wizard must pass th Towers of Doom, acquire the wand of Kolbold slaying, and place it in a notebook along with 12 course evaluations, samples of writing, and a retrospective). Once said quest is complete, there is a 50% chance that the wizard will be able to move to the next division.

The material components for the spell are a copy of Non Satis, Non Scire, and a pinch of salt.

The reverse of this spell, Confuse Divisional Requirements makes divisional requirements incomprehensible.

Find Adviser (Conjuration/Summoning)

Range: 1 mile/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 5 rounds/ level
Casting Time: 2d12 hours
Area of effect: 1 advisor
Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables the caster to attempt to summon an advisor to act as his/her aide and companion. Advisors are typically professors in the school of the caster, such as NS, HA,

IA, or CS. A wizard may have only one advisor at a time, however.

The power of conjuration is such that it can be attempted but once a week. When the wizard decides to find an advisor, he/she must load a brass brazier with forms picked up at Advising. When this is burning well, he/she adds 1,000 gp worth of incense and herbs. The spell incantation is then begun, and must be continued until the advisor comes or the casting time is finished or the wizard gets bored. The DM secretly determines all results, even though the player is about to find out, anyway. Note that advisors are not inherently magical, nor does a dispel magic spell send them away.

To determine what kind of advisor answers the call, consult table 1.1, below.

Table 1.1
D20 Roll Advisor Powers

1-5 Professor in school of Wizard Will be able to help wizard in studies

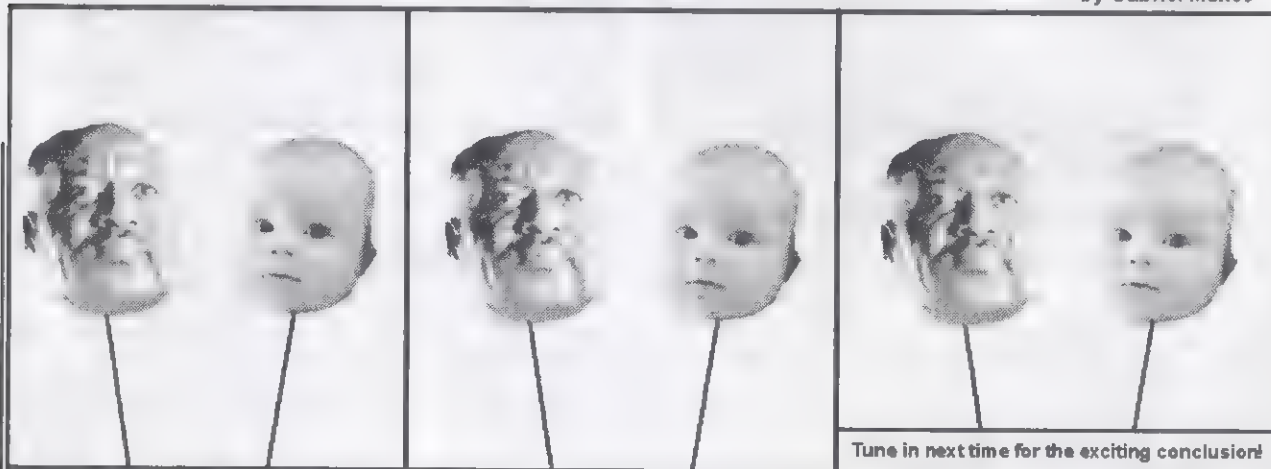
6-7 Advisor without clue Will be unable to correct wizard

8-9 Ryan Moore Shows up for Deathfest

10-11 Old Advisor Actually un-

L'il John hangs out with Delroy Lindo

by Gabriel Mckee



derstands Hampshire

12-13 Toad Wide-angle vision

14-15 Cthulu Eats wizard, then world.

16-20 No advisor available within range.

Division II Spells

Know School (Divination) **Reversible**

Range: 10 yards

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/ level

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of effect: 1 professor or student per 2 rounds

Saving Throw: Neg.

A Know School spell enables the wizard to read the aura of a professor or student (Students who have not filed yet reveal nothing). The caster must remain stationary and concentrate on the subject for two full rounds. The subject is allowed a saving throw vs. spell and, if successful, the caster learns nothing about that particular person from the casting. Certain magical devices negate the Know School spell.

The reverse, Unknowable School, conceals the school of a pro-

fessor or student for 24 hours- even from a Know School spell.

Unknowable School has no effect on CS professors, who are unable to conceal their auras.

Division III Spells:

Feign Knowledge (Necromancy)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 hour + 1 turn/level

Casting Time: 1

Area of effect: Creature touched

Saving Throw: None

By means of this spell, the caster (or any other creature whose levels of experience or Hit Dice do not exceed the wizard's own level) can be put in an academic state that is impossible to distinguish from an actual understanding of the subject matter. Although the person or creature affected by the Feign Knowledge spell has no comprehension of what is going on, he/she may participate in class discussions about reading he/she has skipped, or even write about subjects well beyond his/her level of understanding. Note that only a willing individual can be affected by Feign

Knowledge.

The spell caster can end the spell's effects at any time, as will a successful dispel.

Leomund's Tiny Yurt (Alteration)

Range: 0

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 4 hours + 1 hour/ level

Casting Time: 3

Area of effect: 15-foot-diameter sphere

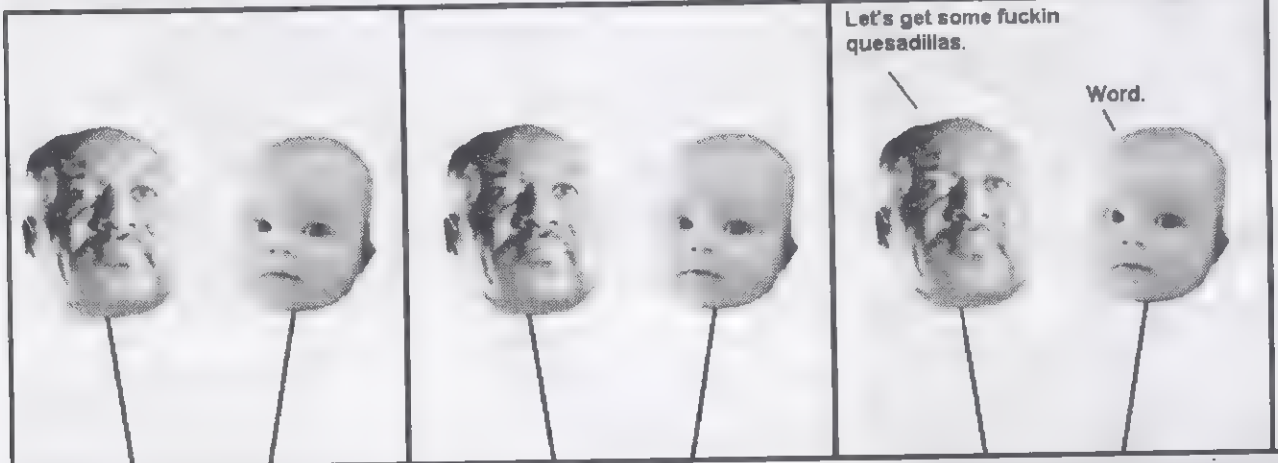
Saving Throw: None

When this spell is cast, the wizard creates an unmoving, opaque sphere of force around his person. Up to seven other man-sized creatures can fit into the field with its creator, and these can freely pass into and out of the yurt without harming it, but if the spellcaster removes him or herself from it, the spell dissipates. The temperature inside the yurt is controlled by a heating unit. There is also a IT connection within it. Those inside may attempt to contact the outside through the use of a "media center," though there is only a 15% chance that anyone will be listening. The material component for this spell is a small crystal bead that shatters when the spell duration expires or the yurt is dispelled.

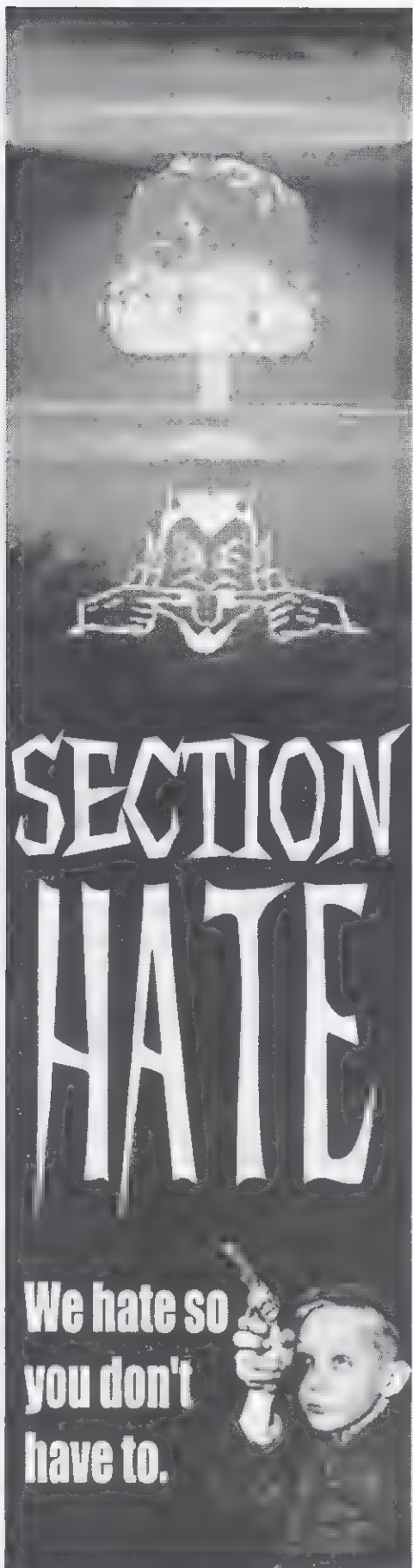


L'll John hangs out with Delroy Lindo, act II

by Gabriel Mckee



9 NOVEMBER, 2001



THESE GOPHER HOLES DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH LIKE IN CADDYSHACK

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

For future reference, this isn't Vietnam, and it's not going to be anytime soon. I know how desperately everyone around here seems to want a Vietnam, but the WTO isn't, the FTAA isn't, and Afghanistan isn't. And heck, most of those dirty hippies from thirty years ago are in full middle-aged bourgeois sellout mode now. Just some food for thought.

Activist is a misnomer around here, really. An activist is an Afghani trying to promote the cause of women's rights in her country. A lot of them are dead. Admittedly that is not a prerequisite for the activist label, but around here, all you really have to fear is having to file a lawsuit after some overzealous WTO jackbooted thug masquerading as a police officer shoots some tear gas a little too close to your anarchist, birkenstock-wearing, sign-carrying ass. Or maybe a good caning, if you're dumb enough to go to Qatar and try to trample some peace officers.

Here's a simple fact for you. There is no way you can avoid supporting the American capitalist war machine. Go to the store to buy some eco-friendly Snapple, you pay sales tax. Buy enough Snapple, the navy gets a new battlecruiser. Life is hard. And if I have to ride in the Silence = Consent elevator one more time, I'm not going to be responsible for what happens.

Of course this is all leading to the reason I decided to write this article, the whole flag-burning brouhaha. What was your point again? That you don't agree with America's foreign

policy? Lovely, but I guess presenting a well-reasoned dissenting opinion doesn't get you in the Drudge Report nowadays. Really, what other reason could there be for making such a statement? There are a million ways to express your dissent. But it is nice to know that all of you were willing to stand behind that brash statement and not go fumbling for the gopher holes of anonymity. Are you worried about someone actually challenging your "well-reasoned" opinion, and that maybe it won't hold up? And then there is the tragedy of the whole thing. Anyone trying to make a cogent argument against the steps currently being taken by our government gets associated unfairly with the loudest, brattiest of the dissenters. But I'm sure that's what you intended, since your long-term planning skills are very self-evident here.

But take heart, flag-burners of the Pioneer Valley. You've been bitch-slapped by Sam Wilkinson, Editor-in-Chief of the "fine, upstanding" UMASS publication, *The Collegian*. This is the same man who implied a respected faculty member was an anti-semitite because he drove a Volkswagon, so at least you're in good company. It's as if a national tragedy prevents anyone from making rational arguments on either side of the fence. Or maybe they just feel it gives them license to be dumb. Or maybe as Abe Simpson says "A little from column A, a little from column b."

Until next time, I promise my next anti-activist article will not reference a Bill Murray movie.





RYAN MOORE MUST BE STOPPED

BY CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO, COLUMNIST/CONTRIBUTOR

Here at the Omen, we know that defamation and libel are serious matters. It isn't wise or right to besmirch an individual's reputation, especially on such a small campus as this. But sometimes, a person is so vile that *something* must be said.

That person is Ryan Moore. I had thought I already knew the depths of his depravity. He blew off Shiraz Biggie's CS Div I meeting. He takes years to read papers, and untold millennia to write evaluations. He gave Rosalina Valdez false hopes of acquiring Tool tickets. ("I cried myself to sleep that night," says innocent Catholic girl Rosie.) He got my boyfriend to eat sushi. I couldn't get my boyfriend to eat sushi. Yet a few

weeks later, *he orders kappa maki of his own free will*. Only the diabolical powers of Ryan Moore, "Instructor" of "Multimedia", could accomplish this. When *your* significant other comes home with flecks of seaweed betwixt his teeth, a hint of rice vinegar on his breath — ask questions.

A scientific poll of a random sampling of people in my living room revealed that Ryan Moore

is considered to be quantitatively less "cool" than Chris Perry. "Chris Perry is 1337 [pronounced 'leet']," said one respondent. It was also noted that Chris Perry's car is black, whereas Ryan Moore's car is burgundy.

But that was just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. When one feels the need to speak out on controversial issues, one must research them thoroughly. Not

satisfied with this convincing but somewhat superficial evidence concerning Ryan Moore, I went deeper.

I emailed his mom.

She discouraged the writing of this article. "Why feed the huge ego even more?" Nonetheless, she

was friendly & cooperative, offering many revealing answers.

I started from the very beginning: What was Ryan's first word?

"I have no idea what his first word was," she replied. "His first sentence was 'I want more meat.'"

When did he learn to walk? At what age did he start dressing himself, picking out his own clothes, et cetera?

"I didn't know he had accomplished either one of those yet." (This replied was reiterated for the *question When did he start shaving? Why has he stopped?*)

Was he really a model? May we see samples of his work?

She answered that he had done a portfolio and one runway show. "He has the portfolio. He looks better now that he has matured. Scary, huh?" She offered naked baby pictures.

I moved on to a question that has long perplexed us all: Why does he have pi on his leg?

"See, he even sits on his food."

What sort of girls did he date, I inquired, if any?

"He seemed to have a lot of fun putting a roll of toilet paper on a broom handle, sticking one end to a mailbox and driving around a neighborhood until it was wrapped completely. What kind of a girl would date that?"

Well said...

When asked about Ryan's ex-girlfriend, the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons computer game *Baldur's Gate*, she dismissively exclaimed, "Oh please!!" and declined to elaborate further.

How often does he call you? I wondered.

"When he does it's not for long because he never hangs up his phone so the battery can recharge." He also hasn't finished making her web site.

Shame.



Ryan Moore at a monster truck rally, raising awareness of monster trucks



I'M SCARED SHITLESS OF WINTER

So far, Hampshire has been everything I had hoped for and more. The weather has been great, my classes interesting, my hallmates insane, and my girls drunk. What more could I possibly want? Well, nothing. Really, I just want it to say the same. Yeah. But I've gotten some alarming news that there is a dark side to this near-utopia.

Some of you have probably had an experience like this: You leave your dorm wearing your hemp shirt, Birkenstocks and faded khaki cutoffs, and a strange sensation comes over you. Your teeth start knocking together involuntarily and these zit-sized bumps appear up and down your arms. You get this unpleasant sensation, like a quivering from within, combined with a tightening of your whole body as if it were trying to fold in on itself. You start wondering, have I suddenly fallen ill? Is this Anthrax? Am I going to DIE?

This first happened to me one night during October Break. In a near panic, I ran to ask my intern Josiah what I should do.

"It's cold outside," Josiah said calmly. "Put on a couple layers. Or get a spiffy pea coat like me!"

Interesting. Cold. I'd heard of it, but being raised in California I guess I'd forgotten. I needed to know more. I turned to the Internet, and what I learned astonished and alarmed me, and has caused me to reevaluate my love of Hampshire College.

Cold Weather occurs when temperatures drop below a comfortable 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and are exacerbated by phenomena like Wind and Rain. Below 32 degrees Fahrenheit, rain can turn to sleet or snow (more on that later). Also there's a "wind chill" fac-

tor, which can make the weather feel a lot colder than it actually is! Apparently, most of this cold weather is concentrated annually from Thanksgiving through Valentines Day. This period of time is called winter.

I needed to know what I was in for. So, after donning a HC baseball tee and my nifty army-surplus camouflage jacket I set my jaw and headed out into that Cold. It was bearable with the extra covering. That night, I casually mentioned "winter" and "cold weather" to veteran students to see what additional information I could glean. I nearly pissed myself when I heard what they had to say.

It routinely falls and stays below freezing (32 degrees F) during the winter! And the wind chill can bring the temperature down and *additional* 20 degrees! And it snows! One well-meaning student told me to check out the "Snow!" pictures on Grep. They were horrifying. This snow stuff, which is frozen water and particulates, COVERED everything. Cars were buried and tree branches bent under its weight!

I don't know what I'm going to do. I haven't the funds to buy warm clothes. And I don't know if I can deal with staying indoors the bulk of the day. I'm accustomed to the pristine beaches and green fields of California, for crying out loud! If I can't get outside to rollerblade and play Ultimate, I'll go crazy!

After a few anonymous posts on the Daily Jolt forum, I've found there are others like me. Students from California, the Caribbean, Australia and other tropical and subtropical locales have been equally horrified to learn of the brutal Winter Weather that is nearly upon us. Also like me, they spent all their money on drugs and hookers (mostly - one guy bought a \$300 Batman costume) so they haven't the money to prepare themselves. So I'm starting up an aid fund for students like myself: Help Cold Hampshire Students, or W.A.R.M. Nice, huh? Donations to W.A.R.M. can be sent to Raphael Crawford-Marks, Box 820. Cold Intolerant students all over Hampshire thank you.



ewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!

"ROSIE'S FINALLY LOST IT"



BY ROSALINA VALDEZ, COLUMNIST

There are only so many times that you can pick yourself up after being thrown down before you realize that maybe you should just stay down for the count. Times when you should just succumb, close your eyes and let whatever happens, happen.

This semester has taken its toll on me. I hate to sound so cliched, but it's the truth. People constantly tell me how we all face that one semester that has the power to just level us. I couldn't believe it. How could I? When I would think of being at Hampshire, I would only think about how lucky am I to be in a place that I look at with adoring eyes with the people that I care about. So the concept of having a semester of sheer and bloody hell seemed so alien to me.

Then it hits. Gods, it hits more than you can really comprehend. But maybe it didn't just hit this semester, maybe this was starting to build up and I just wasn't the wiser.

I think back to five months ago. I was at home, working, being with my family, and I met someone who taught me what it was to be very involved emotionally in a friendship. He showed me the lengths I was willing to go for those that I care about.

I have this knack of acquiring friends that have had the most troubling pasts. We become friends: I help them out with their problems. I didn't have a problem with that in all honesty, up until I began realizing that no matter how much I gave, I was

usually given the short end of the stick. They could come to me at all hours of the day or night but if I needed someone, I couldn't turn to them. I became Counselor Rosie. That's what I became to him and incidentally, that's what I became to my best friend.

Why am I mentioning all of this? Well...they sort of play a part in my semester of Hell. I lost both my friendships with them on the same day. Two days prior the WTC attacks occurred, and 7 hours before that I was being hurt by someone I trusted.

You're probably thinking that I learned my lesson and I would stop this destructive nature, right? Wrong. I kept being the Momma Duck that I am. I can't help it, it's part of who I am. Call it stupidity really. There are only so many times you can allow yourself to get burned. And since then, I've been burned several times. I've allowed myself to fall prey to people's little agendas, I've seen little mind games at work just so people can get a rise out of me. Wow. Paranoia at its finest, right?

So while I'm dealing with drama back home and drama at Camp Hamp, I'm dealing with schoolwork. Trying to keep your sanity long enough to go to your classes and do your classwork during this time is tough, especially if you're trying to be Pre-Med with the schedule from Hell. I loathe and detest going to my classes, except for Abnormal Psych (there has to be something wrong with that).

It doesn't help that everything I'm dealing with helps perpetuate my insomnia which makes waking up for 9 o'clock courses every day painful.

I apologize if people are viewing this as a waste of space in the *Omen*. One more bitchy rant, right? I hope it doesn't sound like that, I'm trying not to make it sound like that. For all the Hell that I've been subjected to this semester thus far, there have also been awesome moments and maybe I should dwell on those. I guess that my reasons for writing this are: a) to get some stuff off my chest and b) I know that others have been having awful semesters as well and by my writing this and dropping a barrier, they know that they aren't alone (very PSA-ish, my apologies).

At the beginning of the semester, someone very close to me told me that I was able to hand them the glue that was needed to put themselves back together. Maybe that's what we all need right now. Maybe what I need to do right now, is to not only hand people their glue, but notice that while I'm passing out the glue, I'm chipping and cracking and I should apply some of that to myself.

My gods. What drivel. Tell you what kids, next *Omen* article, I'll go back to writing about HEgemony....complete with glamour shots and interviews with the guys in the group. That sounds much better.



SECTION
SWEET

WISDOM FROM THE GURU

BY BEN ROSEN-WHITE, CONTRIBUTOR

So you have come to me, my little first-years. You are seeking the knowledge that every Hampster must acquire to succeed. First, you must sacrifice a Saga tofurkey niblet. Then, sit, and I will tell you a tale. A cautionary tale.

Once upon a time, there were two little happy Hampsters. First-years, foolish first-years, just like yourselves. Fickle first-years. Foolish fickle first-years. Frolicking in the forest like fucking fawns.

These little first-years - we'll call them Greg and Princess - lived in the dorms. One day, Greg and Princess saw each other across the room in Saga. That night, Greg knocked on Princess' door. He said, "Gee, I like you."

And she said, "Hot damn, let's do this."

So Greg and Princess got it on. They visited back and forth, doing the Walk of Shame nearly every day from that day forth. Sounds nice, doesn't it? Sounds a little like your life right now. You've just met your own Greg or your own Princess, and you two are happily planning a future together.

This is where the warning comes in, my foolish fickle frolicking fucking little children.

Springtime came at Hampshire ... and Housing time along with it. Greg and Princess' innocent friend came to visit. "Hey you guys, let's enter the mod lottery together," he said cheerfully.

Famous last words.

This sounded like a great idea to Greg and Princess. Hell, maybe they could even share the double. That would even eliminate the walk of shame. They had heard, as have we all, the famous axiom: "Hall booty is bad booty. Mod booty is worse." However, what they never mention is that pre-mod booty is the worst of

all. Greg and Princess chose to ignore the warnings given by their second-year friends, because of course it didn't apply to them. That was for all those other couples.

So Greg and Princess and their cheerful innocent friends won a mod and began planning their futures. Summer came. And went, and everything seemed swell.

Move-in day came, and the friends gathered in the mod. They were so happy, because they never had to eat at Saga, ever again. Little did they know, a stormcloud was brewing in their midst.

Shortly after, Greg and Princess broke up. Why? Nobody knows. The point is, they did. They thought it could never happen to them, but it did.

Suddenly, the cheerful innocent atmosphere in their mod was replaced by Tension with a capital T. Fingemil-biting, tiptoeing, coal-walking Tension. "Damn!" cried their modmates. "Mod booty really does suck!"

Only making the situation worse was Greg's new girlfriend, whose constant presence and loud conjugal visits only served to torment Princess. Princess was devastated, but Greg seemed to be doing just fine. Their friends were torn between loyalties, wanting Greg to be happy but not wanting Princess to be sad. This left their modmates with a horrible dilemma: they liked both Greg and Princess, but couldn't continue to live together.

And so let me leave you here, little first-years, to ponder. This story has no ending, because it repeats itself every semester. The moral of the story is: no matter how good an idea it seems at the time, however failsafe it may look, mod booty is ALWAYS BAD BOOTY.

The end.



DEEPLY WEEKLY

BY ERIC BREEDEN, CONTRIBUTOR

Breeden's deeplyfucked pick of the week comes from www.deeplyfucked.com, an open submission, open content porn site created by a hampshire alum. (not Breeden) Most of the submissions were written by hamp students, friends, enemies, alums, smithies... These are people you might see every day... and not know it.

He purrs every time i sink my teeth into his neck. his skin, like leather like lace like softness and heat made into man, glides over mine as his back arches and his head rocks back into the quiet purple of the pillows. i hear his breath rush in, electricity runs though his fingers - i can feel it beneath my skin, penetrating my shoulder blades, though his hands are barely touching me. my face pressed against his, hot breath caressing the curves of his ear, his hands pushing down to the waistline of my jeans, he pulls playfully at a belt loop, pushes me up, locks my eyes with his for a moment before his head turns to the side in a patient yet imploring way.

Clothing finally pushed aside, crumpled on the floor, mashed between the mattress and the wall, his arms fold around me, pushing my face back into the waiting warmth of his neck. we lie still. through the feather softness of his skin, i feel his heart flutter with every breath i take. my left hand finds the back of his neck, cradles his head, holds him still and close. my right hand moves over his shoulder, barely touching, fingernails tracing down his arm, encircling his

wrist. his fingers weave through mine and close tight. pulses calm in the darkness.

The newness of being together like this leaves us speechless, motionless, breathless. we do not know yet how to touch each other. his shyness runs deeper than mine, and i am momentarily at a loss for what to do or say or even think. i listen to the pulse in the room. our silence leaves more than enough room for the sound of anxious heartbeats.

his face moves against mine, and our mouths find each other, closed and uncertain. i nuzzle against his lips with my nose, and they part, letting warm nervous breath escape. i once read that kissing originated from the belief that the breath contained the soul, binding lovers together in something unspoken, but sacred nonetheless. although i think no such thoughts here in the dark with him, the taste of his breath, the sweetness and heat of his mouth so close to mine, the cream coffee warmth of him, all these conspire to pull me into him, tempt me to breathe him into me, to mingle my breath with his. i feel his mouth on mine, open warm wet, my hand still on his neck, pulling him closer. i feel him move beneath me, twisting slightly, as though impatient. whispered words pass between us, meaningless but for the fact that they end in ...yes...

i raise myself up on both arms, letting his head settle down into the pillows again. he squirms and moans, barely audible over the crazy rhythms of my own restless

heart, and i feel him pressing against me. i sink down onto him, and our mouths open to release senseless moans. our eyes lock again for a nervous moment, and our hands search for each other through the confusion of skin and blankets. the corners of his mouth turn up into something like a smile.

he pulls on my arm until i move it to rest beneath his head again, and reaching one arm around me again, he pulls me down, closer to him, close enough to feel his breath on my face, close enough to detect the nearly imperceptible noises he makes every time we move together. each sound is a strange composite of moans and breath, of the vibrations of skin against skin, of words strung together in vain attempts to capture and keep these fleeting sensations for just a few moments longer.

countless breaths and moans and rhythms later, melted together in sweat and skin and hushed voices, we lie still again. my right arm supports his head, my fingers wandering over the honey skin of his face and neck. my left hand and his right lie at our sides, fingers interwoven, interlocked, inseparable. a pulse courses through me, i can feel it in my fingertips, my stomach, my toes, and i cannot tell whether it is his or mine.

it is not exhaustion that has me paralyzed. the stillness comes instead from my fear that the slightest motion could force out of me the only words i can remember how to speak.

you make me feel alive again.



by: sapphire

9 NOVEMBER, 2001

ASSORTED SCUM AND VILLAINY

One of the most difficult aspects of storytelling is providing the main character or characters with a convincing antagonist. Often, villains feel like, well, villains: flat and boring. I would say that the problem usually lies with the creation of the villain. He lacks menace because he lacks depth and realism.

I am going to provide you with a number of techniques and methodologies for adding this realism to your antagonist, focusing primarily upon the creation of the antagonist. It's worth noting that, while role-playing is what I have specifically in mind, much of what I have to say may still be applied to writing fiction.

(As yet another note, I alternate between he and she, since I don't particularly prefer either; 'they' works fine for me in conversation, but it's awkward in writing.)

First and foremost, your antagonist should be a *person*. Create them with the same attention to detail that you give to the main characters, and they should be as well fleshed out.

Like you may or may not have done with your main character(s), ask yourself a ceaseless parade of questions. Try to cover every possible detail as far as the character is concerned. By being able to answer what the hell he eats for breakfast, you've thrown in that much more depth.

Often, the best place to start asking questions is the past. However, the problem is that I find it somewhat overwhelming to start here unless I have something very specific in mind (which

is rare). Usually, I have some kind of vague idea in mind as to what I want him to be like, but little beyond that.

I find that, rather than try to reverse engineer this into his past, it is easier to simply brainstorm. Try to describe what roles you want him to play in the story. Right now, you should be as general or as specific as you like. If you have an idea of a scene, write it down. Have you thought of something really cool that they do? Write it down.

Personally, I like doing this on the computer because I can type much faster than I can write with a pen or pencil, but you should do what you're most comfortable with (just make sure you don't lose it).

When I do this, I make a list of sentences or phrases or details, names, places, et cetera, and I keep them all in one file as a kind of extremely loose character sketch. I try to write down *everything* that comes to mind, while not really asking myself anything very specific. Like I said, at this point, you just need to have some direction in which you feel comfortable going. Observe your thoughts, and record them.

If you're feeling ambitious, try filling out one of those forwarded e-mail surveys. The particularly long ones, where they ask you how you feel about various topics, have the potential to be very illustrative (even if they are usually pretty stupid). I don't usually do it during the early creation process, since I don't really *know* what most of the answers are, or will be. However, like I said, if you're feeling ambitious, give it a shot. You might surprise yourself.

When you feel that you're done brainstorming, you're done (even if you aren't, really). After all, this process shouldn't end until the story ends. As the story progresses, you should always be thinking about how this character evolves and changes.

Once you have this rough idea sketched out, you can begin to ask more specific questions about the character as a whole. As you go about your daily routines, ask yourself what the *character's* daily routine is. What does she eat for breakfast? What kind of clothing does she wear? Does she wear perfume? What does she eat for breakfast? Does she drive to work, or does she use public transportation? How does she feel about her job?

You can almost see the questions branching out; even if you answer these questions, it's easy to raise a number of other highly instructive questions from those responses.

There are a number of areas that are particularly fertile. The past is one because most everyone has some kind of past. For most people, childhood and adolescence play an integral role in shaping who they are. Assuming that your character is a human being, what was his family like? What were his friends like? Did he eat cereal and milk for breakfast, or did he often skip it? What movies did he like as a kid?

(As a side note, it's worth noting that plenty of antagonists come from normal backgrounds; you don't have to have a fucked up background to be fucked up. Indeed, some of the most chilling



HAI! HAIKU

I am a monkey.
I have not the hottest moves
DDR owns me.

The news from my mod:
Mikel Waxler is a slut.
Just kidding, Wax0r.

Many people scream
Wandering Greenwich Village
On Halloween night.

It was cold but fun.
Really, I liked the Met more.
Chinatown at night.

We have "nastay 'tude."
According to some, that is.
I can't find any.

We have "damage", too.
I know how that one happened
Gabe sprained his ankle.

I wish for sushi.
Lovely cucumber sushi.
Why can't I have some?



ASSORTED SCUM AND VILLAINY

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

antagonists are the ones that are just like you except for some broken piece of reasoning, some step in a direction that, while reasonable, is just one step too far. However, that's another topic for another article.)

Another area of inquiry is the character's social life, and how they relate to others. Does she have friends? One of my favorite questions that often branches out into a number of other questions is: what does she like to do on weekends? These can be one of the most instructive questions since, in role-playing and often in fiction, you learn a lot about the character through their interactions with and attitudes towards others.

Branching off from this is how they spend the majority of their time. In most cases, your charac-

ter has some kind of occupation. Depending on the nature of this character, this occupation may be incidental or integral to who they are. How important a job is will, in turn, affect what the character does for fun or amusement.

If the character's occupation strikes at the core of their identity, then you have another line of inquiry to follow: what brought this about? Has he always been this way? This can also touch on the character's social life. For instance, does he even have one outside of his occupation?

More 'normal' characters will probably have some kind of occupation that is less important to their identity. A character might have a job that involves something she's not particularly fond of, but hey, it pays the bills. Or, a

character might have a job that she hates. There are many ways to go from here, the past usually being the most fruitful in terms of detail and shaping the character.

You should go on asking questions like this until you feel satisfied. Of course, I wouldn't recommend doing all of this in one sitting; you should build the character slowly and carefully. It's hard to compress however many years this character has been alive on to a piece of paper, or to express it in words, so expect some difficulty, depending on the kind of depth you're going for.

Next time, I'll provide you with some suggestions for various ways to make your antagonist creepy. Expect nastiness and evil to ensue!



THE PIE ARTICLE

My love of pie is a strange and wonderful concept, for it not only embodies the food but also the number, the movie if I saw it, and those little colored wedges in Trivial Pursuit.

Something that struck me as odd during Hampshire Halloween was the vast amount of pies in all of the house offices. Mostly apple, there was a smattering of pumpkin, the herald of the fall/Thanksgiving season. I being unable to stand store-bought pumpkin pie, helped myself to a not ungenerous portion of apple. The pie was warm and filling, the apples, a mite undercooked, added to the saucy flavor. It all felt remarkably down-home in Merrill that evening, as we sat around in our holiday garb, pouring tea and chatting about this and that, whose costume was "da bomb" and whose barely merited comment. I could tell the grease paint off of Brooks' face was melting in the presence of so much warmth and holiday cheer ... I helped myself to the last, slightly stale gummi-worm, and smiled.

Meanwhile, in the Prescott house office, there was staggering amount of food, including a variety of candy and cake. The cake, I had observed, was relatively untouched as I reached the office, towards the end of Halloween night. But I am straying from my topic. There were both kinds of pie, and though I did

not partake I had observed that they had been generously dipped into, and only a few precious slices were left on either side. It leads me to wonder, where do these leftovers go when the night is through? Do the interns take them? Shall I forever wonder about those slices that could have been? Can life be that cruel?

As for the number, it has always struck me as a pastime for the hopelessly mathematic. They will sit in their dingy brown basements and work out that endless road of long division while eating from a TV dinner, while they think about a theorem that will lead to publication, while they argue with their husband, wife, children, or miniature schnauzer, these numbers are leading them always forward, always a little closer to that endless end. It occurs to me that there must be some sort of end to pi, that at some point, maybe we do not yet have the technology, but at some point, pi will peter out, and become something finite. At this point though, we are just waiting. It occurs to me that there should be a mathematical answer to the world, and that we have not progressed enough to discover it ... Mmm, pie.

It occurs to me that there are other kinds of pie that I have not yet remarked upon. My favorite pie thus far has been a sweet-potato pecan pie I had the great pleasure to sample in the heart of New Orleans. Beneath

the night sky, yearning for the heater's warmth, I tasted this sweet creation, felt it melt in my mouth, and realized that this represented the last of my dwindling funds. But oh my, was it worth it!

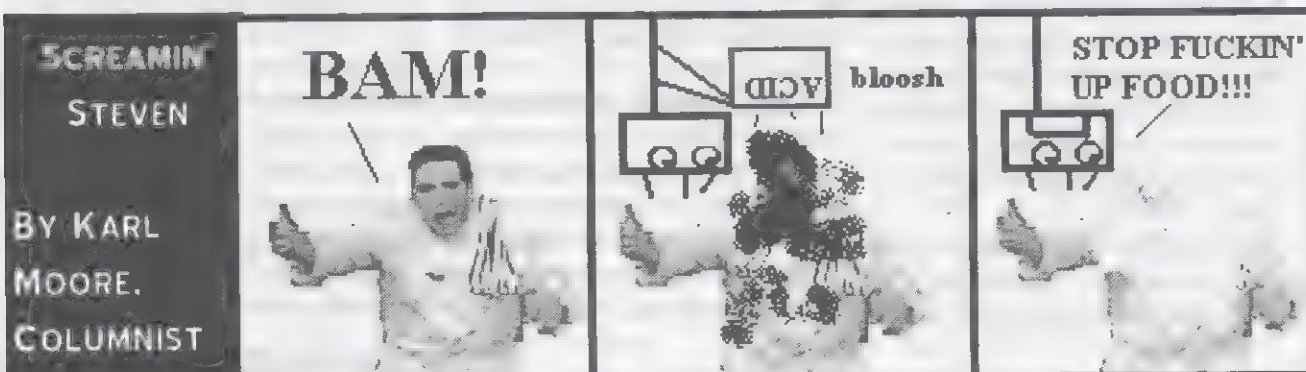
Mince pie, by contrast, I detest with a passion that rivals that of a thousand suns. What the hell were they thinking, ruining a perfectly good pie shell with that raisin-infested shit! Weird, creepy, dark conglomeration of tastes, and textures, Mince pie is. It should be burned at the stake. It should be drawn and quartered (although, I suppose it is.) It should be left out in the rain.

And then of course there's strawberry rhubarb, I had always considered the epitome of karmic sense, the sweet must exist with the bitter the good with the bad, or the pie is un-tasty. Not that I had ever any great love for that particular pie, and maybe that says something about my character as well.

I don't believe anyone in the world has ever tasted a boysenberry pie. I don't think they exist. I think people just like to say boysenberry.

As for the little plastic pieces in trivial pursuit, why they're the best part of the game! Those pieces are like Div 1's, coming together, allowing you to progress, fitting snugly into their spaces. Although, something about it disturbs me that it is created to be put with something else. What is wrong with those slices on their own. Aren't they good enough that way?

Thus ends my pie article.



BY KARL
MOORE.
COLUMNIST



WRESTLING AND POSTMODERNISM

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Well, it's that time of year when the boys over at www.death-valleydriver.com piss off every wrestling fan on the internet by compiling the DVD 500, an insanely comprehensive listing of the best five hundred wrestlers of the last six months based on workrate. I give them mad props for sitting down and watching more wrestling tapes than most people can conceive of, in order to make this list. Whatever biases and internal inconsistencies aside, it's always an interesting look. Being horribly out of date on Japanese stuff, I really can't comment on most of the list, but I think every Hampshire wrestling fan should check it out.

But anyway, the article. This week I give you a look at a shoddy, thrown together top seven list of my favorite matches of all time.

7. Razor Ramon v. Shawn Michaels, Wrestlemania 10: Yep, the match that made ladder matches cool. The backstory is simple enough. Shawn Michaels threw a temper tantrum about his contract and took some time off, necessitating him forfeiting the intercontinental title, which was later won by Razor Ramon. Shawn worked out his dispute and came back with a fake title, still calling himself the intercontinental champ. This match was set to unify the titles as both belts are hanging from the ceiling. This becomes the template for every ladder match afterwards as these two kill each other with the ladder, taking insane bumps in a match that still holds up today, and from a technical standpoint, blows away the TLC se-

ries. Well worth hunting down, probably the best gimmick match ever.

6. MAKOTO / CIMA / SUWA / Big Fuji / TARU v. SAITO / Dragon Kid / Tiger Mask IV / Massaki Mochizuki / Genki Horiguchi, Toryumon TV 7/00: My second favorite match from my favorite fed. Although it's been pretty bad lately, Toryumon still has produced some of the best wrestlers of the last five years. Run by the legendary Ultimo Dragon, Toryumon brings the goods with fast paced cruiser style wrestling, and this match is no exception. Highlights include a surly SUWA clearing the ring with a giant board. Lots of preposterous quintuple teams from Crazy Max, a swank tope suicida from CIMA, and Mochizuki kicking everyone really, really hard. MAKOTO bumps like crazy, Dragon Kid doesn't blow anything, and a good time is had by all. SUWA finally overtakes CIMA as my favorite Toryumon wrestler by being a surly prick/asskicker extraordinaire.

5. Toshiaki Kawada v. Kensuke Sasaki, 10/9/2000: The match that made me believe Kawada v. New Japan would be awesome, until bad booking blew that out the window. The rematch is a pale shadow of this as these two beat the ever living hell out of each other and Kawada takes Sasaki gently by the hand right into the best match of his roided out career. Brutally stiff, and although Kawada has had some great moments since, this one is still my favorite post-NOAH defection. Now if only they'd rematch him with Mutoh for the Triple Crown before the

old man's knees give out again.

4. Ricky Steamboat / Dustin Rhodes v. Arn Anderson / Larry Zbysko, Clash of the Champions X-something, sometime in 1990: I've already written a whole column on this match (see Volume 17, Issue 2) so any more would be excessive, so I'll just reiterate, awesome match. Best example of North American tag team match formula.

3. Jushin "Thunder" Lyger v. Brian Pillman, Superbrawl '92: Hey, best opening match ever for a North American PPV that I have ever seen. This is '92 Lyger and '92 Pillman hitting everything dead-on. I really don't need to say anything more, other than, yes it's better than Hart/Hart, which I think is ever so slightly overrated.

2. CIMA v. Magnum TOKYO, Toryumon TV, some time in '99: Woohoo! The feud that made the first few years of Toryumon so goddamn entertaining as two of the world's top juniors are insanely young and insanely good in this match. Crazy Max cheats like the pricks they are to give CIMA every possible advantage. TOKYO breaks out a sweet STF variation. CIMA throws the world's best slingshot senton and goes over with the ICONOCLASM/Mad Splash combo! Almost twenty minutes of great action, my favorite cruiser match EVAH!

1. "Stone Cold" Steve Austin v. Bret Hart, Wrestlemania 13: The best WWF match, period. Big chunks were stolen from Flair/Dibiase back

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXII

by M. Zole

THIS ISSUE OF
COSMO (WHICH
I AM READING)
HAS A QUIZ.

1

2

1. If you could be any
kind of firearm, what
would you be?

1

2

- a) H&K MP5
- b) Beretta 92F
- c) AK-47
- d) Colt Anaconda

1

2

- e) Ruger Mini-14
- f) Glock 19
- g) H&K MSG90
- h) Desert Eagle

1

2

- i) FAMAS
- j) Luger Carbine 7.65
- k) Winchester 1887
- l) Smith & Wesson .357

1

2

- m) Thompson M1A1
- n) Remington 870
- o) BFG 2000
- p) Calico M-900S Carbine

1

2

- q) Uzi SMG
- r) Peanut butter and
jelly sandwich
- s) Commodore 64

1

2

1

2

I'LL GO WITH "G".
IT SAYS YOU ARE
AN EXTROVERT.

1

2

WE JUST HAD TO ADD...

continuations

FROM PAGE 23

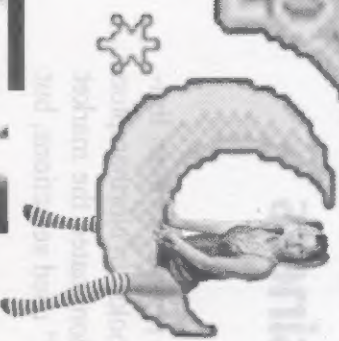
in Mid South, but that is fine by me, because this match has it all. A white hot feud, an awesome double turn, a great finish, and lots of bleeding from Austin. This match would kick off an upswing in WWF business that would continue up until early 2000 and allow the WWF to retake the ratings lead and charge headlong back into mainstream America. Oh hell yeah!

So this will probably change by next week, but there ya go!



Hampshire College, Amherst

Volume 1, Issue 1, November



NEMO

Hears for Potential Members of Society



by Virginia Toast, Editing Faciliator

Welcome to the New! Nemo:

A Letter from the Editor



There is no excuse for horrendous apathy. Getting the *Nemo* started again has been a Brobdignagian task, and at times we felt like Jeremy the Crow, climbing the beanstalk to take the golden fleece away from Gannon.

As many of you may have heard, the former *Nemo* staff died in a nuclear submarine crash somewhere over the deserts of Nevada, where they were forced to drink each other for water. There were no survivors, except for the courageous Francesca La Bop, who was home taking care of her sick kitten, Chattinooga Meow Meow.

That is where I come in: the one and only Virginia Toast. Blessed with such a name and such a sultry face (see above), I have broken through the horrendous apathy of modeling and sustainable agriculture to rekindle the flame of life in the petri dish that is the *Nemo*, like butter, off a pig's ass.

But unlike our former counterparts, we want to make a promise to you, our readers. In order to ensure quality products, the *Nemo* dedicates itself to come out no more than once a year, keeping our writers and materials fresh, like American satellites in space. The *Nemo*, our friends, is

National Tragedy Makes Shopping a Ball!

by Milton Reed

AMHERST – Today, retailers have made official their plan to “back pedal like hell.” For decades, dominant marketing strategy has been to support irrational fears in the American populace. After the events of September 11th, and the horrifying reports of anthrax, Americans are more full of fear than ever – and yet, sales have declined. Robert Brillman, of Megastar Marketing, stated today that, “We will no longer seek to encourage irrational fears in our customers. Instead, we will help people to live without fear, because that is what is best for the American people. To encourage this – and in memory of those who have died – we declare this month *One Time Only National Tragedy Blow Out Sale Month*. So run, don’t walk, toward, not away, from your nearest public mall.”

As Douglas Marlow of Pittsfield, MA, explained, “I went to Holyoke Mall to get a winter coat, and the sales person, (Michael Dover, manager of men’s apparel), gave me a \$500 cashmere dress coat for \$150!” When questioned, Dover admitted that Filene’s, like many clothing stores, was “fucking desperate,” before pointing out that applying for a Filene’s card would save an additional 10% on everything purchased that day.

“Look at this! Two down pillows for 10 bucks!” cried Anne Meadow. The JC Pennies at the Hampshire Mall, Rt 9, Hadley, had several boxes of “shit they couldn’t get rid of,” in front of their

like American satellites in space. The *Nemo*, our friends, is thus, the final frontier.

So do not aim your arrows of criticism at the bullseye that is the heart of the Nemo. Instead, aim them at your own hearts, and bring forth the love hidden within the secret cave at the center of an apple that can be peeled down to its innermost fruitiness only by the paring knife of kindness and joy wielded by only one with the *Nemo* at their side.



Return of Francesca La Bop: A Letter to the Editor

Dear New! Nemo;

The sound reached my ear regarding your revivificatingly of my foavorite of the publication containing a series of words in paragraph and sentences. Is better than fudge recipe of my Ant!

So excited have I been of the receipt of payments for my month and months of waiting in the lobby for Nemo returning. Long does this camp is in need of a Wholesome publication! I have said this in time and time again and again (and again!) of the importance of this. That is not containing things the people will not like. For the PEOPLE!!!

But the OMN and the Fourward are both too offending, repeatedly. And Nemo is not.

Also, Polylingus makes me cry.

So, I am in happiness for the revolution in the community to be invoked in this return of Nemo. To the end of a world must a Nemo remain standing up.

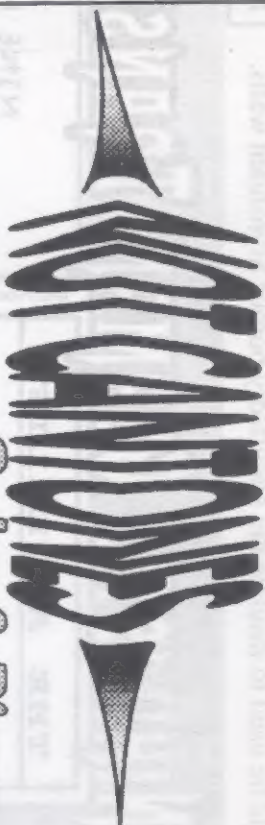
Holesome publication, are of a great import, or else we export the bad vision of Hampshire! See my clever turning phrase! I repeat the magnification of Wolesomeness returns in to Hampshire!

Thank you Neimo staffs. Oh, and the Reader publishes naked people that make safety in my place go awry.

several boxes of "shit they couldn't get rid of," in front of their store, for sale at low-low prices. Every shoe store in the building had a "buy-one, get-one free" deal going on, and the shoes themselves were marked down from \$100 to \$20. "You can't find deals like this in peace times!"

"If I'd known there was going to be a national disaster, I'd have done my school shopping a little later!" declared George Ruth.

As Charlie Veil, of Charlie Veil's Chrysler Plymouth Dodge explained - "It's senseless to be afraid of anthrax, terrorism, or what our government is doing to the Afghan people - what's really scary is the thought of missing out on these bargain prices!"



555-6100

**—Free Delivery—
\$2 OFF a Large Pizza with this ad!**

Offer expires 12-31-01 • May not be combined with other coupon or special

Sincereness,

Francesca La Bop,

P.S. If, my services are needed on a Nemo, I am at you're beckingcall! I do it all inbetween NEWS REPORT-giving, and reviewing films for the purpose of criticismism, to Advising the people in a question-to-answer form.



EMT Freak-Out Space

By Cory Peachart

Dude! I don't know about you, but every Halloween, I get myself totally messed up. I make that stuff they did in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* look like they was eatin' pez from the next of a real person. When I'm freaking out, I usually need to go to the EMT SAFE SPACE, like I have every year before.

But this year, when I was convinced that my Laundry Basket was full of severed limbs trying to latch onto my body, the EMT Safe Space freaked me out. Why? Because the posters were weird, dude! There's this one poster with a chick with a phantom arm reaching out to hit you with this magic wand. If I'm trippin' balls, I don't want to get attacked by somebody trying to turn my head into a singing pineapple or some shit.

Then, there's this other poster, where this EMT dude is apparently some kind of Male Model. That guy's beautiful eyes were piercing into my soul, trying to convince me that my own eyes had come loose, and were bouncing around on the ground, and dude, I couldn't catch them, because they were like those super bounce balls that you can't catch. Besides, man, I saw *Zoolander*. I know about male models. Those dudes shouldn't be doctors. There should be a rule or something.

Pile of Dirt Under New Ownership

by Leonard Spachamarillion

In a move that, according to president Greg Prince "will save at least a buck or two", the Eric Carle museum project was officially handed over to Phys. Plant.

Eric Carle, author of "The Very Hungry Caterpillar" and other children's stories involving bulimic insects, was present when the decision was made. Quoth he, "I feel Phys. Plant has a warm, throbbing connection with all the wonderful children on the Hampshire

Independently-Owned Barnes & Nobles Puts Corporate Bookstores Out of Business

By Mr. Poo

For years, buying books in the five college region has been limited to such corporate powerhouses as "Raven Books" in Northampton or "Atticus Bookstore" in Amherst. They've dominated the market with their variety of books and "marked-down" used selections, but all of this is about to change.

Just when you were beginning to think that you might have to go to Springfield for a larger variety and lower prices, along comes independently-owned Barnes & Nobles, right next door to Wal-Mart. Inside, not only books and magazines await, but warm drinks at affordable prices as well. No more old, ratty first edition covers - only re-issued copies of books by popular authors you want to read. No more wasted space on the shelves for books that only get sold back to these stores time and time again.

Upon questioning, "Raven Books" owner had this to say, "I've never really heard of this Barnes and Nobles before, but all I have to say is this: you're not welcome. Go back to where you came from and sell your books to kindergarten classes!" It seems that although a war has begun, a book-buying revolution is still underway, and B&N, I salute you.

Student Vandalism Leads to Tears

By Amber Tostado

A tear came to the eye of Officer Public McSafety last weekend when he saw that the entire FPH apple orchard had been submerged in dozens of rolls of economy dorm toilet paper.

"This is unbelievable," sighed the normally jolly Officer McSafety. "I really never thought Hampshire students would go this far."

decision was made. I feel that I have a warm, unob-
 bing connection with all the wonderful children on the Hampshire
 college campus. I'm convinced that their absolute love for these
 scampy little critters will be evident in [my] completed museum."
 Carle went on to add, "If they finish a museum about me, does it
 mean I'm dead?"

Sickening realizations similar to this one will be discussed by
 the Student's Union for Carle (SUC), an organization founded in
 response to this project exchange. SUC stands against the new re-
 game, which according to SUC editor-in-chief Michael Zole, involves
 some "substantial cutbacks" to the original museum plan. The ma-
 jority of members echo Zole's concern that "there would be no
 fucking roof." As well, a questionable combination of mud and thatch
 would be used to insulate the admittedly porous Styrofoam walls.

go this far."

"This is the most revolutionary piece of installation art
 I've ever laid eyes on."

Over weight with emotion, the officer began a spontane-
 ous discourse on the juxtaposition of the two mediums, com-
 paring the disintegration of wet toilet paper to the demise of
 domestic apple orchards (as well as making liberal use of the
 term "post-phallic").

"I don't know why I was radioed," McSafety added as an
 afterthought. "Nobody seems to be tampering with it."

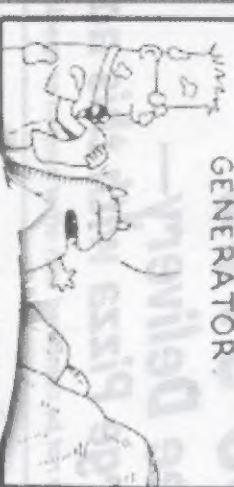
McSafety graduated Hampshire in F88 with the Div III,
 "Symbolic Mating Rituals in Late-Night Infomercials: Also
 Makes Julienne Fries!"

NIHILISTIC GERMAN TRANSMISSIONS

by J WILDER KONSCHAK

THE AFTERLIFE

OVER HERE
 WE HAVE OUR
 RANDOM NUMBER
 GENERATOR.



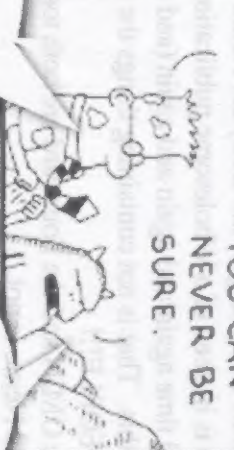
www.dilbert.com scottadams@aol.com

NINE NINE
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ARE
 YOU
 SURE
 THAT'S
 RANDOM?



THAT'S THE
 PROBLEM
 WITH RAN-
 DOMNESS:
 YOU CAN
 NEVER BE
 SURE.

LEECHES put in your
 BED by your CHILDREN have
 consumed your life.
 Ask GOD for permission
 to enter PARADISE.

No
 No
 No

He denies
 BEFORE I request.
 Does he HATE man
 so much?

No.
 He has
 BRAIN
 DAMAGE.

Mathematicians Claim: Eye for an Eye Only Makes World Half Blind